

The Washington Times

EDGAR D. SHAW, Publisher.

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C.
Published Every Evening (Including Sundays) By the
Washington Times Company, Munsey Building, Pennsylvania Ave.
Mail Subscriptions: 1 Year (Inc. Sundays), \$7.00. 3 Months, \$1.75. 1 Month, 60c.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1917.

Get a Plan, a Purpose in Life

Hold Your Head Up, and Your Back Straight. Choose Your Direction—Go Forward—AND YOU WILL WIN.

The world is half filled with drifters, and the picture on this page shows one.

This is the unpleasant type of drifting man—hands in pockets, hat pulled down in front, aimlessly wandering.

But drifters are not all of this type. You may find them well dressed, pockets lined with inherited money, wondering what they can do that would be worth while.

You may find them going through some routine of work, quite satisfactorily, but, as they work, **DRIFTING THROUGH LIFE**. They have no plan, no thought as to how to make their work better, how to make life worth while.

Mr. Dorgan, the artist whose pictures are signed "TAD," preaches a good lesson, to young men especially, in this picture. Faintly outlined in the clouds above this drifter whose destination is unknown, are shown the soldiers, marching with a purpose clear in mind, and to a duty worth while.

What makes the power and success of an army? **FIXED PURPOSE.**

To a weak, vacillating general you may give soldiers, but he will bring you no victory.

To an officer of strong will and good brain you give a small army, and he returns victorious. Alexander the Great took his thirty thousand Greeks against half a million Persians, and went through them like a sharp knife through a piece of cheese.

He knew exactly **WHAT** he was after—conquest of the world in the end, and the conquest of Persia at that particular time.

He went on, never stopping, conquering until he died.

Any young man would be horrified if told that the President was sending an army to Europe without any particular plan as to what the army was to do, where it was to go, how it was to strike.

Well, young man, what the directing or leading general is to the army, your **WILL POWER** should be to you.

An individual is a small army of hopes, possibilities, ambitions, locked up in one body.

The strength is in him, if he will use it.

But if there is no general living in his skull, no directing force, he wanders like the man in this picture with "Destination Unknown." And when he goes into the waste basket of failure, he whines, "I never had any luck."

What he should say is, "I never had any **PLUCK**." It is the man who supplies the "p" to "luck" that arrives.

Taxation Should Not Discourage Business Genius

Heavy Tax on Big Incomes—Right.
Heaviest Tax on Ammunition War Profits—RIGHT.
No Tax to Discourage Constructive Business Genius.

This is the day of taxation—and the beginning of a long period of **HEAVY** taxation.

The mind of the statesman looks around, asks "Where is there any money?" reaches out to get it. **SOMEbody** must pay the bill of war. The billions must come from some source.

But be careful, statesmen, paying for war, not to tear down that which would be most valuable in repairing the war's damage.

Don't pile your taxes on the backs of the poor—the old-fashioned way. And do not, with reckless increased tax on profits, cripple and discourage business genius.

Put the heavy taxes on great incomes by all means.

If a man has ten times what he needs he can well afford to sacrifice part of the **INCOME**, and a big part, to help the Government without which he couldn't keep a dollar from the stronger man, demanding it from him.

Tax war profits, the ammunition makers, and tax them heavily.

With them there is no genius, nothing that will be useful hereafter, nothing but new, huge, shameful profits, based upon the nation's necessity.

If a man is making millions from weapons for murder, put a murderous tax on his profits—turn about is fair play.

Eighty per cent would not be too much to charge—or ninety per cent, if it didn't entirely cut off the supply.

But don't tax useful, enterprising business brains, to the extent of crippling them, making it not worth while for the best man to do his best work.

If a company makes millions where it made thousands, charging the Government an extortionate price for copper or for steel—fight the extortionate price, and take a big slice of the extortionate profit.

If men that "own" the coal or the oil that lies in the ground that they never created, and charge extortionate rates, cut down their rates, and divide their profits with them.

But be careful how you discourage that form of wealth which is the **UNUSUALLY ACTIVE BRAIN**, the thinking mind, the power to make something out of nothing.

Don't discourage in any way the soldier fighting for you in the field.

Do not discourage with reckless taxation on profits the business genius whose duty it will be to build up and repair war's waste when the war is over.

Destination Unknown



In the clouds, above the head of this aimless wanderer, you see **PURPOSE GUIDED BY PREPARATION**. In the figure on the ground "Tad" has pictured many a man wandering aimlessly through life. (See editorial.)

Elizabeth Jordan Writes on the Brave Man at the Dentist's

A Place Where Strong, Upstanding Men Take Their Wives With Them—The Wife's Peculiar Expression—Sympathy? Of Course. Amusement? Well, Yes—Contentment? Why, Hardly Ever.

By Elizabeth Jordan.

"**Y**OUR appointment," says the young lady at the desk, "is for 10 o'clock." "Yes," you agree. "And it's quarter past 10 now. I've been waiting fifteen minutes." You try to speak reproachfully, but you're not in a hurry, really. Indeed, you are ready to wait all morning.

The office is that of a dentist who does nothing but "extract" and who makes a specialty of difficult and unusual operations. Most of his patients, in the waiting room, clasp X-ray photographs to their breasts. At intervals they look at one another. No one is in a hurry.

And They Compare Symptoms and Each Is Sure His Is Worst.

"You're next," the operator tells you.

You smile. That is, you hope you do. The patient before you has just gone in. He is a fine, big, upstanding man, six feet one or two, but he has brought his wife with him, to see him through the ordeal.

In the wife's eyes lies a strange expression—a look of sympathy mingled with amusement. Also, is it possible—can there be a certain—contentment? No, no. Of course not!

She goes with him to the threshold of the operating room and then stops. So does he.

"You may go in with him if you wish," the girl at the desk says, kindly. And the pair disappear.

The patients still awaiting their turn restlessly shuffle their feet and look again at their X-ray photographs. Two of them compare

photographs. Each is convinced that the other's case is much more serious than his own.

Not a sound comes from the operating room. That, at least, is reassuring.

You Think You'll Omit Gas, But a Few Grave Words Change Your Mind.

The man and his wife emerge. They have not been gone ten minutes. The man looks physically relieved but mentally injured. His wife leads him into a small alcove, and for a time runs back and forth with towels and glasses of water. She does look contented now. There's no doubt about it. "Go right in," the girl at the desk tells you.

You go. You have made a resolution—a strong one—but it crumbles before the expression of the waiting surgeon.

"Doctor," you say, briskly, "I don't think I'll take gas. That's the only part of the operation I dread. So let's get along without it."

The doctor motions you into the chair.

"Why are you so anxious to be hurt?" he asks, placidly. "I'm not anxious to be hurt," you admit. "But when anything is being done to me I like to be among those present."

The doctor has tilted back your head and thrust his finger into your mouth. His expression has changed.

Visions of Dying, Helpless, Curtailed by the News That It's Out.

"You'll be among those present, all right," he mutters, "if you try to have this wisdom tooth out

without gas. What's your objection to gas?"

You try to answer. Instead, you bite his thumb, which he has neglected to take out of your mouth. His expression remains calm and scientific. He is probing the tooth.

"H-m-m," he murmurs, "we're going to have some trouble with this fellow." He grasps an instrument. "What do you think about the war?" he adds, casually.

You endeavor to tell him. That question always starts you off. But again your teeth hit a finger. You decide that he is a man who is careless about fingers. He seems to think so, too, for he removes his fingers at this point and regards you coldly.

"We'll all be a lot happier if you will take gas," he says firmly. Sit back, please.

The mouthpiece is adjusted. You have grave doubts as to your share of the promised happiness, but in response to his command you draw a deep breath. At your left a nurse in a very fresh white dress regards you without sympathy.

You wish you were somewhere else. This is an abominable place to waste fifteen minutes in, you decide, as you draw the second breath. By this time you are very anxious indeed to draw breaths in your old, simple, care-free way; but it can't be done.

You are now drawing breaths with considerable difficulty—with such great difficulty, indeed, that you are sure something is going wrong. You remember sad instances of human beings dying under gas. Probably they felt just this way as they were going. Yes, something is wrong. You

feel that the surgeon ought to know it—he shall know it—And You Meet New Victim Who Must Have Wife to Hold His Hand.

"That's all right," says the surgeon's pleasant voice. It is an extremely pleasant voice. You had never noticed before how pleasant it is. You also notice that he has a pleasant smile. The nurse, too, is looking almost human.

"Is it out?" you gasp.

"Yes." You rise. You feel a little giddy, but your manner is calm. It is also dignified—as dignified as a manner can be when one is being fervently urged by two other persons to rinse one's mouth again.

You exchange farewells with the surgeon. They are cheerful—almost gay. You are glad you came, and glad—very glad—that you are going away at once.

In the waiting room the young thing at the desk takes your money and smiles at you sunnily. Then she turns to a waiting couple near her.

"You may go in now," she tells the man. "Yes—oh, yes—your wife may go in with you, if you wish."

Behind the backs of the pair moving reluctantly toward the threshold of the operating room, she and you exchange a knowing smile. You didn't have to have anyone go in with you and hold your hand! It's queer how helpless some men are!

From the inner room you hear the doctor's voice. "We'll all be happier if you take gas. Sit back. That's right. Now—draw a d-e-e-p breath."

Poor Street Car Service Will Hurt The Growth of Washington

Real Estate Men and Merchants Should Join in a Demand for Better Car Schedules.

By DAVID LAWRENCE.

"Twenty-two minutes!"

"And then the car came. About fifty people were waiting at the corner of Ninth street and New York avenue at 3 o'clock last Saturday afternoon. They waited twenty-two minutes before a car came. And when it arrived it was crowded to the doors. A few people managed to fight their way out, thus permitting an equal number to squeeze inside. And the majority of those left behind waited five minutes more. The second car was crowded, but I managed to get aboard. I had waited twenty-nine minutes in all!"

The man who writes the above to The Times stood during the entire journey to his home, and here is what he observes in conclusion:

"I will refrain from making any remarks about this beautifully managed car line further than to say that I think it will succeed in inducing people who want to buy houses to get one on the other line, where they do get some kind of service."

Did it ever occur to the men who are engaged in the real estate business that the growing inefficiency of a street car company might seriously affect would-be purchasers of property in outlying sections of the city?

This city is today enjoying a remarkable boom. Business is better than it ever has been. More people are daily coming here to live. It does not take newcomers long to learn, either by actual experience or from their friends, on what undependable schedules the street cars run, especially those on the Washington Railway and Electric Company's line. They will remember it, too, in renting or buying homes.

Not alone real estate men, but merchants, will find themselves permanently injured unless they combine to effect a reform. Residents of Washington cannot even get adequate service when they want to transact business at the City Hall. Complaints recently have come to The Times from many who have been compelled to wait as much as a half hour for a City Hall car.

The street car service as a whole, judging from the numerous letters being received, is growing worse every day. Does the Washington Railway and Electric Company want to force municipal ownership? And if so, does that company believe Congress is going to fix a price for the property which will enrich Mr. King? The reputation of the car line is such that an appraisal would undoubtedly be in the interest of the taxpayers of Washington and not the company that has failed the people in a critical time.

The District Commissioners could do no better service than to demand at once an improvement in schedules that will not merely satisfy technical requirements, but actually will help people in this city to get back and forth comfortably and speedily. The people here will not complain if they get good service regularly and only occasionally are compelled to wait long for a car. Things will go wrong once in a while with every public utility. But for months good service has been the exception and not the rule.

Let the Commissioners make a final effort to compel obedience to their regulations, and, if they fail, Congress can certainly be expected to apply a remedy next December. For, with conditions as they have been this summer, one shudders to think what exasperating days are ahead as the season of snow and inclement weather approaches and the number of street car passengers increases.

Is Washington a model city? The ability of its commission government to handle public utilities must be taken into consideration henceforth in answering that question.

This Is a Very Nice Letter

And We Have Received Many in the Same Tone. BUT—

Some disgruntled gentleman, who will eventually become one of our best friends, wrote that he did not like The Times, and we printed his letter "just for variety." Since that time reading the mail addressed to the Editor has made us feel like a fly crawling through a plate full of molasses. Such friendly and complimentary letters as have poured into this office might surprise the Angel Gabriel himself—and he is the most accurate of all reporters, we suppose.

Since we published that "death's head" letter from "a once reader and subscriber" we have been inundated with friendly letters. Below is a sample—the writer of this and many others please accept our thanks. To them we owe the fact that we shall turn a famous quotation upside down. Thanks to their good opinion we shall **ACHIEVE** success whether we really deserve it or not.

Here is the sample letter:

Washington, D. C.,
September 7, 1917.

Dear Times:
Don't you pay any attention to "A Once Reader and Subscriber." Your paper is great NOW.

Your City paper and Truth carrying vehicle is a great revelation to the at least Editorial Reading Washington populace, and I, for one, want to thank you for the very great change, and for the wonderful articles which you print.

It is a source of great pleasure to sit in the library of an evening and read them.

I must, by all means, congratulate you on the spirit in which you took that criticism from this "Once Reader and Subscriber," and must say that the highest regard you could have for your paper should not be regarded as conceit.

Very truly yours,
"AN EVERLASTING SUBSCRIBER TO THE NEW TIMES."

Once-Overs

Copyright, 1917, International News Service—
YOU FOOL NO ONE BUT YOURSELF.

Because you do not like the minister is no reason why you should not attend church.

You tell your friends that this is the reason why you do not go to church.

You even try to make yourself think this is the reason. Deep in your heart you know this is not true; for if you had the right sort of feeling for your church you would not permit the individuality of the preacher to keep you away from worship.

As a matter of fact, you are looking for an excuse to stay away, so you seize the most plausible thing you can think of—"don't like the minister."

Be honest for once. It bates you to sit still.